

of the flame that now filled my bosom, was kindled in hers. In short, I confessed my love; and received the blissful assurance that it was not unreturned. I feared that Fatima would have regarded me with that mixture of dread and horror which is inculcated into every Turkish woman's breast, against all of other creeds and countries; but to my joyful surprise I learned that she had been trained up by her mother, a Christian Greek, in the same faith as that she herself professed.

"But the sunshine of young love that thus gilded the path of my Fatima was speedily chequered by sorrow and gloom. Her father was thrown from a restive horse and so severely injured, that, after several weeks of severe suffering, during which his daughter never left his side, she was left an unprotected orphan. His nearest relative took possession of his house, and would fain also have added to his harem the weeping daughter. In this extremity she yielded to the solicitations I had often hitherto addressed to her in vain, and consented to fly with me from Stamboul.

"My arrangements were soon completed. Obtaining a leave of absence from the Embassy, I left in a *Speruaro* which I had hired, on the day I had given out as that of my departure for Smyrna; but returning to the city after night-fall, I again landed, assisted my Fatima to scale the garden wall of her late father's dwelling, and ere day-light we were far beyond the reach of pursuit, even could they have known how to trace her flight.

"A fair and favoring breeze brought us to Malta, where I was united to the lovely being whose sole dependence on earth I now was—and may Heaven enable me to fulfil the vows I there solemnly pledged, to be the stay and solace through life of that trusting heart!"

Sir Henry's eye glistened as he spoke, and the fervor with which he spoke testified the sincerity of his appeal. After a pause, which neither he nor myself ventured to break, he resumed:—

"I have now given you, gentlemen! a brief narrative of the most eventful period of my life, as the most satisfactory answer to Mr. Hugomont's very natural wonderings and enquiries. Dine with me to-morrow at the *Crocelle*, both of you; and should you wish to hear at greater length of our first meeting or subsequent adventures, Lady Wilton and myself will be happy to gratify you.

"Meantime, I see that Lady Wilton is preparing to leave the Theatre, and I rely on your aid in assisting my sisters and herself through the crush to their carriages."

SUMMER RAIN.

FROM THE FRENCH OF BERANGER.

The rain, the rain, the summer rain!
How sweet this balmy eve!
My footsteps on the velvet grass,
A greener print they leave.
The bird beneath those weeping boughs
(Heaven bless him!) shakes his wing,
And singing to the wind, that makes
A stilly murmuring,
Watches the rain-drops as they fall,
Like pearls from some gay coronal.

The shower, the summer shower is past;
Again th' unclouded sky
Smiles on the glittering fields, beneath
A silver net that lies.
The streamlet of the plain, grown fierce,
With blades of grass, and store
Of sleeping lizards burthened,
Speeds on, and tumbling o'er
Some dangerous pebble's precipice,
Makes Niagaras to the mice!

Whirling amain on that wild flood,
Some careless insects sweep,
Perched on a larger insect's wing,
A wreck upon the deep;
Or, clinging to some floating isle,—
A wither'd leaf,—they dream
Their troubles light, if, pendant o'er
The brink of that rude stream,
A straw's majestic point appear,
To stop them in their dread career.

The currents o'er the sand have gushed,
The vapors sunward fly;
The dim horizon, dimmer grown,
Escapes the gazer's eye.
And now a few bright trembling specks,
Like lonely stars are seen;
Till rushing on the sight, the hills
Have burst the veil between,
While thousand rain-brooks bubbling down,
Stream from their bare and shining crown.

Oh see! from yonder misty roofs,
A thousand smokes ascend;
There happy hearts and kindred sighs
In sweet communion blend.
The windows flashing in the sun,
A light like torches fling;
The illuminated city shows
A noiseless triumphing;—
Such be the coarsest lights that fall
On nature's sun-set festival.

The rainbow—oh! the rainbow see,
Grasping th' illumined sky;
A treasure the Almighty sends,
When rains and tempests fly.
Flow off, eternal spheres! my soul
Has longed for wings of wind,
That some thuriel I might crave
The secret to unbind—
To what far worlds of endless day
That golden sun-bridge leads the way.